



## Green by [mrs\\_squirrel\\_chester](#)

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**Summary:**

You've had your eye on Hopper for a while now.

## Green



Green was never your color.

Yet, there you stood, looking at Joyce and Hopper, wearing a pair of glasses loaned to you by the green-eyed monster himself; jealousy. You hated it, the bitter taste it left on your tongue, but try as you might, you envied Joyce Byers. Not because of the life she lived, because that shit was fucked up three ways from Sunday. No, you envied the relationship she had with Jim.

Their relationship was special, going back decades. It didn't hurt that they had an emotional connection, one that had gotten through the most fucked up scenarios one could possibly dream up. There was no way you could 'compete' with that.

So, you kept your head down and tried your damndest to get Jim Hopper off your mind. Which was why you were currently standing at the bar, wearing a curve-hugging-cleavage-revealing black dress.

You weren't completely surprised at the free drinks aimed your way, of men asking you to dance, even the offers of *gettin' outta this joint*. And, truth be told, you were considering the latest offer. One of Hopper's deputies was in front of you, reeking of desperation and too much whiskey. His hand was creeping closer to yours, and his eyes were lingering entirely too long on your exposed skin, but you couldn't deny that it felt good to be wanted.

And then Hopper strolled in, hat on his head, cigarette between his lips, and Joyce Byers in tow.

"Ah, fuck," you ground out, earning you an odd look from deputy...

whatever-his-name-was.

“He ain’t that much of a buzz kill,” the deputy murmured, his hand completely covering yours now.

You scoffed loudly before tossing your head back, completely draining the freshly-filled glass of whiskey in two swallows. “I’ll catch ya around,” you rasped, the whiskey burning your throat.

Purse in hand, you spun away from the bar and walked into a fucking brick wall by the name of Jim Hopper.

“Fuckin’ watch where you’re going,” you hissed.

Jim chuckled as he peered down at you. “You’re the one who ran into me.”

With your eyes narrowed, you glared up at him. Fuck, he was tall. Even in three-inch heels, you had to tip your head back. “Serves you right for sneakin’ up on me.”

“Y/N, is that you?” he questioned, his head tipped to the side. “God, you clean up nice.”

“She sure does,” the deputy declared, draping his arm over your shoulders in a clear alpha male move.

Hopper’s eyebrow arched at the display. “You two... you a thing?” he gruffed, large finger dancing back and forth.

“Sure thing,” the detective said quickly, earning a glare from both his boss and yourself.

“Listen...” you wanted to say his name, let him know that you had indeed been paying attention while he rambled on and on about growing up in Hawkins, but there was nothing. “I gotta go. Early mornin’.” You pushed out of his grip and stepped around Jim, exiting the small bar quickly.

You were almost home when you heard the chirp of a siren. Shit, you hadn’t been paying attention to how fast you were going. Sixty... in a forty-five. Just great. Red and blue lights started flashing, so you

tapped the breaks and pulled over to the side of the road, a road that happened to be made of dirt and well off the beaten path.

You were about to retrieve your license and insurance papers when you caught a glimpse of the officer in your rearview mirror. None other than Chief Jim Hopper. Great. With a huff, you shoved open the door and glared at him as you stood.

“God, Hop. You followin’ me?”

He stalked towards you, the sound of the gravel under his heavy steps sent a chill dancing along your spine. “You were speeding.”

“And?” you scoffed. “Ain’t no one around back here. Just me.”

“Which is why you shouldn’t be outside your vehicle. What if it was someone posing as a cop?” he asked, looming over you.

Your mouth went dry at the way his eyes flashed, dark and dangerous. “Ah, Hopper. Are you worried about me?”

His lips pressed into a thin, tight line as he huffed out a breath. “So what if I am, sweetheart?”

You couldn’t deal with this, not now. You were entirely too aroused to be having a normal conversation with the chief. “It’s late, Hop. I just want to go home.”

Which was true. It was almost midnight and you were slightly drunk. You wanted to get home, strip out of your clothes, and release the pressure that was building deliciously between your legs.

Jim took a step closer, swarming your senses with *him*. God, he was so... tall, and wide, and... *big*, and he smelled so *good*. You wanted to latch onto him and climb him like a damn monkey. For starters. But that wasn’t going to happen. You saw the way he looked at... every other woman that wasn’t you. You were lusting after a man that would never see you in a sexual light.

“Goodnight, Hop,” you grunted, spinning around with every intention to drop into your car.

There was only one problem with your plan, and that was Jim. His hand was on your bicep in a flash and he was wrenching you around. Before you could even blink, he bent down and kissed you. Fiercely. There was a millisecond where you didn't... couldn't move, where you questioned if the whole night had been a dream.

And then, he moaned.

Thankful that his hands were pressed into your lower back and between your shoulder blades, you melted into him. You pushed up to your toes and wrapped your arms around his neck as the kiss deepened. You removed his hat, dropping it to the top of your car simply because you wanted to drag your fingers through his hair. Jim responded by lifting you from the ground by your ass and pinning you to the car.

With your dress hiked up around your hips, your heels digging into his ass, and his cloth-covered cock grinding against you, the pair of you stayed there, making out like a couple of teenagers for an unknown amount of time.

"Jesus Christ," he murmured, breaking away and breathing raggedly. "You're gonna fuckin' kill me."

Gasping at the cool night air, your head fell back. "But what a way to go, am I right?" you joked, completely forgetting to keep that thought internal.

With his hands roaming over your back, your hips, and your thighs, Jim chuckled low in his throat. "Doll, you got no idea how worked up you get me."

That admission got your attention. You sat up and stared at him with wide eyes. "Wh... what?"

"Especially tonight," Jim growled, his grip tightening on your hips, his thumbs slipping under the hem of your dress.

You pressed your hands to his chest and continued to stare at him. "I don't understand," you breathed, eyes narrowed in genuine confusion.

Jim scoffed in disbelief. "Sweetheart, I wanted to throw you over my shoulder like a caveman when I saw you in the bar. After I punched Dawson in his crooked nose; puttin' his hands on you like that."

"Nuh-uh," you snorted.

"Doll," he purred, his calloused thumb scraping along your sensitive skin, creeping higher, hooking into the tops of your panties. "I've wanted to fuck you since I first laid eyes on ya."

"Well, then," you gasped, shuddering under his touch, under his dark and heavy gaze.

You grabbed the lapels of his jacket and yanked him down, kissing him feverishly. Jim growled into your mouth as your hands went to work, tugging on his shirt, unbuckling his belt, and unzipping his pants.

Jim shoved his hand between your legs and *literally* ripped off your panties. Your hips jerked at the movement, eliciting a small giggle from you. That giggle quickly turned to a moan when one, then two thick digits pressed between the lips of your pussy, tips teasing your weeping hole.

"Fuck, you're soaked," he praised.

"And you're fuckin' huge," you exclaimed, your hand wrapping around his cock, the tip of your middle finger nowhere near your thumb.

"Gonna have to get you ready then, won't I?" He smirked proudly, relishing in the way your mouth fell open when his fingers dipped just inside of you.

There was a stretch of time where everything faded away, it was just you, sitting on the trunk of your car, Hopper between your thighs, and his fingers pressing into you, stretching you, preparing you for the cock that you were fisting. Every drag of his fingers inside of you, every circle his thumb made around your pulsing clit pushed you higher, made the air catch in your lungs, tightened the coil in your gut, made your thighs shake. You pumped him, slow, then fast,

spreading the pre-cum on the wide, crimson head with just a twist of your wrist.

Your release was just out of reach. "Need you... inside me. Now, Jim," you panted.

"Fuck," he sneered. He withdrew his fingers and, unable to deny himself the pleasure of tasting you, raised his cum-slicked fingers to his mouth. The moan of approval and rolling of his eyes made your cunt clench in anticipation.

With your hand around his cock, you pushed the head through your slick, then notched him just inside. "Easy, Hop," you hissed.

"Don't worry, doll," he cooed, one hand cupping your face, the other gripping your hip. "I ain't gonna break ya... yet."

You were going to ask him exactly what he meant by that, but then he was kissing you. It wasn't like the other kisses where your teeth clanged together. This one was gentle, the strokes of his tongue slow and languid, as if he could spend all day kissing you. He inched into you, stretching you to the point where pain mixed intoxicatingly well with pleasure.

When your body had completely enveloped him, Jim blew out a breath that pushed the hair from your forehead. "Christ almighty," he grunted.

You shook your head, in fact, your entire body was shaking, thrumming with the raw, sexual energy that coursed through you. "No words. Just fucking."

"Yes, ma'am," he ribbed with a wink.

Jim's mouth was on yours, his hands were on your thighs, spreading you open like a goddamn buffet, and his hips were trembling with each thrust. You could feel every ridge, every vein, every twitch as he pulled out, pushed in, some strokes lazy, most of them fast, frenzied. You were flying high, dancing on the precipice, the bite of his nails in your skin only adding fuel to the already raging inferno that was threatening to rip you apart from the inside out.



“Hop,” you groaned, your toes curling, calves flexed too-tight.

“I know, sweetheart.” His thumb was on your clit, circling it sharply, nail biting into the swollen bud. That was all that your body needed.

Your eyes clamped shut and your back arched. It was like the birth of a new galaxy. Every atom exploded in a burst of multi-colored stars and planets, spilling out to the edges in a rush. Jim was grunting your name and digging bruises into your skin as you pulsed around him, beckoning him to join you. He did so with a shout that sent birds from the trees, their loud protests serving as background noise to the wet slap of skin on skin.

“Goddamn,” you groaned. Like a ragdoll, you went limp against Hopper’s chest, focusing on the pounding of his heart, the rapid rise and fall of his chest.

Jim pressed a kiss to your crown. “Got that right, sweetheart.”

“I’m about to get real used to you callin’ me that,” you teased him with a wink as you tipped your head back.

“I ain’t about to stop callin’ you that.” In an effort to distract you from what was about to happen, he kissed you, and pulled his hips back, leaving you painfully empty.

With a hiss, you slapped him in the chest. “Warn a girl, Hop. Fuck!” You slid off the trunk, landing on very shaky legs.

Jim was chuckling as he tucked himself into his pants and righted his clothes. “Sorry.”

You were about to give him shit for tearing apart your panties because there you stood, with nothing to clean yourself up with, but the sound of gravel crunching under a moving vehicle stopped you.

“Christ, turn off your fuckin’ brights,” Jim growled, raising his hand to his eyes and stepping in front of you at the same time.

“What’re they gonna do, Hop?”

“Shuddup.”

The car eased to a stop and a handful of seconds later, the door creaked open. “Chief, that you?”

“Shit, Dawson,” Jim sighed heavily. “What are you doin’ out here?”

“Could ask you the same thing. Wait... is that Y/N’s car?” He sounded less than amused.

You put on a smile and stepped out from behind Jim. “Hey, Dawson.”

The deputy that had been trying so hard to get into your pants sighed. “Well... alright then.” Without another word, he dropped into his car and shifted it into reverse.

It wasn’t until the headlights disappeared that you let out the breath you were holding. “That was close,” you laughed.

Jim huffed out a laugh before turning to face you. “So... nightcap?” he asked with a sly smile.

“My house is right up the road, Chief,” you purred, squeezing your slick thighs together.

There was a low rumble of appreciation in his chest. “Doll, get that fine ass into your car.”

You honest-to-goodness giggled like a schoolgirl when he slapped your ass before grabbing his hat and spinning away with a wink.

“Talk about a fine ass.”